

Love & Country
Child of the country over the grass
They little feel do lightly pass
The Deformed Child.

When summer days are long & warm, then
They let my little chair
Without the door, and in the sun they leave
They leave me sitting there;
Then many thoughts come to my mind, that
No other never know,
About myself and what I feel, and what
And what was long ago.

There are no less than six of us, and all
And all of them are tall
And stand as you may see, but I
but I was always small:
The neighbours look at me, and say
I grow not with the rest;
Then father clothes my head, & says,
The least are sometimes best.

For we are happy in our home as ever
as ever people were,
Yet sometimes father looks as if
his heart was full of care;
When things go wrong about the house,
then mother need will be;
But neither of them ever spoke
a cross word unto me.
And I will think of this, and then
I never can feel dull,
But pray to God to make me good,
And kind, and dutiful;
And when I think on him that died,
it makes my heart grow light,
To know that dear things on earth
are precious in his sight! Jora Greenwell.

The Meeting.

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Glad as Char-ley was to go to Green-gap, he was not more glad than his little country cousins were to have a vis-itation. They all went with their father to the station to meet him. And when little Dick saw a train come puffing along, he began to shout and clap his hands. For he thought to be sure, the train would come for no time else but just to bring Char-ley. When the train stop-ped, and as Char-ley got out, poor little Dick began to cry. The other children knew better. They knew ^{that} that train did not come from London at all; and that they must wait half an hour before Char-ley was due.

At last, the London train came steaming in; and a little boy with bright-eyes and a rather pale face was jumped out of a third class carriage.

The little Browns knew in a minute that it was their cousin, though they had never seen him before. So they all ran up, but they were too shy to say a word to poor Char-ley.

But Mr. Brown soon came up with Char-ley's ~~bag~~ box; and he asked the little stranger about his journey. Dick thought his cousin was a very fine fellow to have come a hundred miles in a train by him-self.

The box, and Dick and little Rose were soon popped into the Londoner's cart. The next walk-^{ed} and everyone and then Char-ley gave a little scream of joy like a girl at the sight of a bird or a flower. He asked about every thing, and the little Browns soon found they had plenty to tell their London cousin.

A Day in the Woods.

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"Oh, mother, marys have a pic-nic in the woods to day? Charley has never been in a wood in all his life!" Said Ned at break fast the next morning.

Mrs. Brown thought it ~~would~~ ^{be} a very good plan. So she packed a basket with quill of apple horr-overs & bread butter, & a quill of milk; and sent the children off for the day to Bar-den Wood which was not more than a mile off through the fields.

Ned knew the way very well; but they could hardly get Charley along: what with the frogs in the ditch, & the butter-flies, & the glowers in the banks, which covered the barren the London boy was wild with delight. He did not know the names of any flowers but butter-cups & daisies: so Mary taught him the pretty names of the little blue forget-me-nots, & the gathers of the her-bell, & the glows, and some other flowers he had gathered.

At last they got to the Wood. It was a fir-wood. And you could see the round heads of the trees in long lines; and the sun-shine only got by the branch-es and leaves of the trees. Charley said: "It looks like a church, and is just as still; and now the birds are the sing-ers; just listen to them! I wonder do they put on white frocks when they come to sing in their church?"

Ned was a choir boy, and he laugh-ed at the notion of a bird put-ting on his white sur-plice before he began to sing.

"What are these long brown things under foot?" said Charley. "Needles," cried little Dick. "Yes," said Mary, we call them needles, but father says they are really the leaves of the fir-trees. Did you ever see leaves of such a funny shape?"

"And M. what is this funny thing? Now pretty it is!"

That is a cone: it is a beau-ti-ful carve-ed box
to hold the seeds of the fir-tree. Father says. Both of
mother get these frames of them in the winter even-ings.
I sell 'em in the town. They are fam-ous thing
to play with; ^{Part II.} let 'em get a lot.

Char-ley want-ed his Cous-ins to run among the
trees, just when they liked & leave the broad
path al-to-gether. But many told him they
would get lost if they did: the wood was so big
they never could find their way home again if
they went far out of the path.

By-and-by they came to an open-ing in the wood
where there were some high rocks, which the child-
ren climb-ed. And then Char-ley saw how big
the wood was. Where ever he look-ed there was
no-thing but the tops of trees spread out like a
great green field. "Why," he said, "it would be
like getting lost in the streets of London. I
lose your way in this wood. I ^{did not think} ~~never thought~~
there were so many trees in the world! Are
there any wild beasts in this forest?"

"Not now; father says there used to be wolves
in these woods once, & then it ^{that is a long time ago;} ~~would not have~~
been safe for us to come here. But now there
is nothing big-ger than a red-belt; nor any, may-be,
a few foxes."

"Look, look! What is that funny little brown
fellow in the tree? See, he is holding some-thing
in his two little paws, & nib-bling it; what
a tail he has to be sure!" "Oh! that is a squir-rel;
there are lots of them in the trees. He is eat-ing
a nut, and when he has done, you will see him
run a long the branch-es at a great rate."

The child-ren then found a snug little nest among
the rocks where they sat down to eat their dinner. When
they had done, they ground their way to a hay-ed
copse where there were ^{plenty} lots of nuts. And every-thing
short-ed. "Oh these are the best! do come here!" "There are such things
over in this tree!" And then the birds pull-ed off their caps, & caught
their hair: And there was such laugh-ing & fun as long as Char-ley had ^{had in his life before.} time.

"Farm-er Kind-ly has been here child-ren,
and, what-d'you think? You are to go to-mor-row
to help ^{him to pick} ~~gather~~ the apples ^{appears} in his orch-ard.
He says you may eat as many as you like, but
mind you keep comit: Nobody must eat more
than you, or I shall have you ill."
Hurrah! cried the boys, while the little girls
jumped for joy.

By the time break-fast was half over, and
all the way to the farm. Mr. Kind-ly let them in
and gave them bread again to keep them qui-et.
Every body was ready to go to the orch-ard.

Baskets and ham-pers were brought
out; ~~pieces of cloth to spread under the trees~~ ^{pieces of cloth} ~~to spread under the trees~~ ^{to spread under the trees} ~~saw~~ ^{they were}
with the farmers at their head.

"Up you get, boys!" said he; and Ned was up on
apple-tree in a min-ute. Poor Char-ley tried
to scram-ble up; and at last the farmer took
him on his should-ers & pop-ped him in amongst
the branch-es. ^{I tell you to begin work!}

"Get away, now, boys, until ~~the cloth is spread~~.
And what a beast they had! You never tast-ed
such sweet-rosey apples as cov-er-ed the boughs
of those trees. The girls had their share too. For
the farm-er held up little Dick, & threw
apples into their pin-ap-ples.

But by-and-by the girls and Dick were lift-ed
into trees too, and work began. There was a
big ~~cloth~~ ^{piece of cloth} under each tree, ~~spread on the soft~~
~~grass~~. And down came quite a show-er
of apples, ^{on the soft grass} for the child-ren did not stop to
pick but just chook the branch-es.

When one tree was clear-ed, the boys scrambled
into an-other, and baskets and ham-pers were
fill-ed and car-ri-ed a-way. And what laugh-ing
and fun there was to be sure! And how they all
cried who could pick the most. Who could get into
the tree with the big-gest apples?

Willy and the Cherry Tree.

Willy and the Cherry Tree
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Willy saw some fine ripe cherries
Dangling on a cherry tree,
And he said, "You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"

"Thank you kindly," said a cherry,
"We would rather stay up here;
I've very tired down this morning
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig.
"You are beautiful," said Willy,
"Red, and ripe, and oh, how big!"

"Catch me," said the cherry, catch me.
Little master, if you can."
"I would catch you soon," said Willy,
If I were a grown up man."

Willy jumped, tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Willy's nose.

"Never mind," said little Willy,
"I shall have them when it's night,"
But a black bird whistled bold by,
"I shall eat them all to night!"

And off it flew;

"What do you say to Black-cap for to-day child-ren?"

"Oh, mother, what a famous thought! Will you put us up some dinner in a basket and let us go off for the day?"

"Oho, if you are quite sure you know the way, Char-ley, I will dis-~~trust~~ you. Go down this road until you come to the second ~~turning~~ ^{turning} lane on the left. ^{will be} Take the third gate on the right, and you are in a path which leads to the hill.

They had not gone very far before Black-cap came in sight. Char-ley had heard of Primrose Hill, but he had never seen a hill in his life: so when he saw Black-cap, he said, "Oh, ~~that~~ it is not a very high ^{after all} ~~hill~~: I shall be at the top in five minutes."

"Wait-till you get over it," said Ned. And when they got to the foot of the hill ^{Char-ley} Ned found he had made a mis-take. There it stood, a great gi-ant with a fir-wood on its brow which looked like a black cap; and so broad that the child-ren could not have walked round its base in a whole day.

The ^{low} sides were cov-er-ed with long grass, and brack-en, a ~~heath-er~~ ^{line} with its pretty little pur-ple flowers, and big stones called boul-ders. The child-ren went up by a nar-row sheep-path, and Char-ley soon call-ed out, "What 'Is this little black berry good to eat?" "Oh, that is a bil-berry! Here are lots! What a pity we did not bring cans to fill for moth-er."

"What is the mat-ter with me, I can-not breathe!" cried Char-ley, who had been run-ning up-hill rather fast. "Oh, sit-down and rest a bit: we always have to rest pretty often be-fore we get to the top of Black-cap."

"What a long way we can see! And that man with the plough looks small enough for you to carry ^{back}

him, plump and all, in her pin - a pre!" ^{221p37mc33} "Yes; ^{she does} ~~it's~~
~~a good thing~~ ^{that} mother did not let the little ones come:
they could not have climb-ed this hill."
"Is that Green-pap-er over there where the church is
amongst the trees?" "Yes; and that white vil. leaf
a long way to the right is Broad-green; and
yonder, further on still, is Redford. our town. I can
see three church spires from here."

Part II.

"Narrate! we are almost at the top now." "Oh,
that is only a shoul-der of the hill; we have
a long slope to climb yet." - And sure enough,
when Char-ley got to the top of the shoul-der, he
found that the real top, the sum-mit, seem-ed
as far off as ever.

"I'm hun-gry," said Ned. "So am I," - and I -
So they found a flat - stone for a table, and sat
down on the shoul-der of Black - cap to eat
their dis-ners.

But the wind had no mind to let them alone.
First, it blew off Mary's hat - & sent it
danc-ing down hill. Then, Ned's cap went, & then
Char-ley's hand-ker-chief. What a chase they
had! The hat was the next prize, for it would lie
quite still till some one al-mos-t caught it, &
then, off it would start at a gal-lop with the
pursu-ing child-ren after it.

"Does it at all blow like this up here?" said Char-ley.
"Oh, yes; we al-ways have a good breeze on the
top of Black - cap. But we are not at the
top yet. We have ^{still} a long slope to
~~go~~ ^{climb} up. So we had bet-ter make haste."

Off they start-ed a - pair, and after one or two
more rests, they found them-selves on the very
top of Black - cap, where the wind was so strong
that they could hold by keep-ing in their feet. "Let us run
out the wind for a while," said Mary. So they sat down to see
in the black cap, the hill, & Char-ley thought the wind in the trees made
just like the organ in our town's church.

Try.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron is red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Fazing at the step,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be ~~eat~~ down-cast;
Try, and try again, boys,
You'll succeed at last.